

Stuck Dying In A Time Loop

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Stuck Dying In A Time Loop

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Summary

Dream and George are stuck in a time loop where they are forced to kill each other every time as an enforced goal. They have no memories of each other or anything, and it is only when they kill the other that they remember their relationship with the other.

Notes

Major changes. If you read this before Nov. 03 of 2020, I'm not sure if you'll still recognize this. Please forgive me for changing it, I just AAA

Prompt: (Kagerou Days inspired au) Dream and George are stuck in a time loop where they are forced to kill each other every time as an enforced mission/ goal. They have no memories of each other or anything, and it is only when they kill the other (i.e. completing the goal) do they remember their relationship with the other.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

August 15th, 12:30 in the afternoon:

George put his hands up to his face, shielding his eyes from the sickening bright rays of the sun.

"Summer," he says in a grimace, sitting up from the grassy plains he woke up in, wracking his brain for any memory of getting to this place. But he's blank.

"Summer?" George frowns, trying to reach for a distant memory, then any memory, anything, and everything...

But he's blank.

There's a flash of light again, and he looks up to rustling leaves, covering and uncovering. He closes his eyes, light dancing on his memories like the heat haze that wraps around him. He sits still, stagnant until he hears a soft voice beside him.

"...love."

"Sorry, what?"

"Hmm," Dream hums. George expected surprise and shock, but it doesn't register. He nods mutely, listening, sparing Dream a soft glance before looking back far beyond the horizon and into the unknown as Dream's song of words fade into silence, hanging in the air like dew drops hanging on the grass blades-- heavy.

Eventually, it gets unbearable. "Well, you know, I kind of hate summer."

"Oh?" George squints past the heat haze, scrutinizing Dream for a while as he stands up from his position. 'He's burdened,' George idly thinks. Dream's back is hunched, but his lips tell a different tale. Dream smiles at him, reaching out his hand to George. Brushing off dirt from his pants, George stares wordlessly, failing to notice Dream's outstretched hands.

There's a beat. A pause.

George pretends he doesn't notice Dream's eyes, glimmering like broken glass as he looked at something beside the boy. Oddly enough, he doesn't have any questions, only answers.

There's a sword beside him, one sharp enough to pierce through Dream's turned back.

A clock ticks, feigning a sense of emergency. Time is too relative to trust.

And so is a world full of answers. But he doesn't question it.

Not even Dream does.

The light is recognizable now: sunlight hitting the iron sword that he has magically equipped. He doesn't question it: there's an answer. "Kill him" is the answer.

George pretends he doesn't notice Dream tensing as he stands up.

There's no urgency now, only resolution, and with a swift thrust he raises the heavy iron sword to his waist (now wholly tangible), embedding it unto Dream's chest, dead center.

And suddenly, it's not so blank anymore.

Dream's body slumps to the ground and a wave (or a roar) of distant laughter rings in George's ears tearing him apart. Echoes of memories of sunsets he's sat through with Dream and the sunsets equally bloody as today. 'This is not the first time,' the memory blatantly points out: The rosy tint of his cheeks from Dream's teasing and the splashes of rose-colored blood on his sky blue shirt, the screams of joy then anguish.

Dream's scent, now mingled with sprayed blood, choked George.

His blood is red and flows like a river, and George, in madness, lays beside his best friend's bloody body, reliving the love and horror alike in the blink of an eye, Dream's blood threatening to drown his body in bright betrayal. There's questions, hundreds and thousands more than answers.

"Say it, George." He recalls a distant whisper, reaching out to him, but he cannot say it. There is no answer, not anymore while this cursed world fades into a void.

Laughter jumps back and forth in his ears, so he looks.

He sees, and swears he sees Dream smile.

August 14, some time by 12:

George opens his eyes, waking up on grassy plains, recalling a faint scream of a distant but indescribable memory. He leans to his side, bumping into Dream's shoulder.

Who is Dream? He knows, but not quite.

A stranger, but not quite.

A friend? Oddly so. He does not remember this man and yet, his warmth is more than just familiar.

He tries to reach for the memory, grasping unto a dream, a single dot of paint: A single, strange memory of him sitting in the same place with Dream.

"Why don't we go home now?" George says, fidgeting with his shirt. There is a sense of urgency, one that he knows not the origin of. George listens to it anyway. He trusts it.

"Are you alright?" George scoffs jokingly, smiling at Dream in an attempt to show that he is okay, but Dream does not buy it.

There is no memory of George, save his name but... Dream knew him enough, mysteriously so, to tell whether the boy is actually telling the truth. Dream stays silent, stretching out his arms to help George get to his feet. George sees his outstretched arms, contemplates if he wants to accept it.

George purses his lips, and lets Dream pull him up. There's silence, but there's also newborn protectiveness blooming in his ribs, so he lets Dream go first, watching his back.

But this world is just as damned, and he moves too late to make a difference as Dream steps under the shade of a nearby tree, a distorted green body coming up to them, instantly exploding in front of Dream's face.

The deafening hisses of the creeper pierce through George's smile, shattering it to a million pieces, falling like summer rain. And then, as he whips his head to where Dream supposedly stood, the blank canvas of his memory is furiously painted with unperceivable red. Bright, angry, smearing and sticky red watering the fertile ground.

And he's angry, and he's full. Too full of this damning time loop.

But it's blank again, and he doesn't scream, the memory of grassy plains lived thousands of times play out in a loop on his head, all pain, all at once, until he wakes up again, Dream beside him, alive. He wracks his mind for any immediate memory.

Who is Dream again? Whatever.

George put his hands up to his face, shielding his eyes from the sickening bright rays of the sun.

"Summer," he says in a grimace, sitting up from the grassy plains he woke up in, wracking his brain for any memory of getting to this place. But he's blank.

"Summer?" George frowns, trying to reach for a distant memory, then any memory, anything, and everything...

But he's blank.

There's a flash of light again, and he looks up to rustling leaves, covering and uncovering. He closes his eyes, light dancing on his memories like the heat haze that wraps around him. All the while, not hearing Dream's silent revelations, too busy wracking his brain up for memories. Dream sings pieces of his own. "I feel like I know you."

"Have I hurt you?" he mutters to himself, scrutinizing George's filtered skin. 'Heat haze,' Dream figures and continues.

"I've held on to a dream, and it's the only thing I know the question to: Who did I love?"

It is that moment that George looks at him and sees him. "Sorry, what?" Dream marvels at the timing.

"Hmm."

Summer doesn't suit George. "Well, you know, I kind of hate summer."

There's a beat. A pause.

Dream pretends he doesn't notice George's breath hitching as steel runs through his chest.

"You."

End Notes

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